

To whom it may concern,

Rodney Martinez is a man who always puts his family first. He does all that he can for those that he loves. He gives, even when he doesn't have much to give. He opens his home to those who need. A man that has worked hard his entire life and instilled that same work ethic into his children. My father did not always have an easy life and he has broken generational curses and helped raise three successful kids. My dad always worked hard so that his children's lives could be just a littler better than the life his parents gave him.

Growing up my dad was always present and involved in my life. From coaching my basketball team, or my softball team, or the one summer I wanted to try tennis, he has always supported me and helped me grow. My dad was a huge part of my love and passion for softball. He is the reason I made it to the collegiate level, and I will never forget how proud it made him to watch me play. And when that passion fell apart, my dad was there to pick up my broken pieces. When I haven't known which way to turn next in life, it is my dad's guidance that I seek. My relationship with my father has always been one that I cherish and hold so dear to my heart. All I want is for him to be proud of me and the woman he and my mom raised me to be. I think one of my favorite things about my dad is that he inspires not with his words, but with his actions. He does not come right out and say, "Danielle you need to work hard, or you will fail", but *he* works hard, and *he* succeeds and that makes me want to work hard. That's what he does, he makes the people around him want to be better and want to work harder.

My father is the strongest person that I know. He carries so much so that my family doesn't have to, he hurts in silence, so he doesn't have to burden us. If there is anything you takeaway from this letter, I hope it is the heart my dad carries.

Best,

Danielle Martinez

To whom it may concern:

My dad is the best dad. All my life he has been nothing but loving, kind , and caring. Growing up my dad was always present, he coached every team, was at every game & made it to every single practice. My sister and I played travel showcase softball, it was very competitive. Every weekend we had between 4-6 games each. Practice 4-5 a week, conditioning 3 days a week, multiple teams through out the year for years. My dad was at every single one of these events. His goal with softball, was for us to get a scholarship to college and we did. It was always the plan, for us to go to college so we can make a better life for ourselves. So we could just be one step further than he was. Growing up my dad always said to me "You want to do better for your kids than your parents did for you."

With my dads help I went to college, graduated, got a great job, bought my first house, married the love of my life, just as he did, & I have two beautiful babies. On top of being a wonderful dad to my siblings and I, he is an even greater Pop-pop. My kids absolutely adore him and he shows them nothing but love. My parents are a very important part of my children's lives and they help me take care of them.

My dad is a hard & dedicated worker. Even though, as I mentioned, he always made it to every important event in my life, he also made it a point to work hard. I remember seeing my dad come home in plain white grease stained shirts as a mechanic to then years later coming home in slacks and nice shirts. He worked hard and worked his way to the top. Never once complained & showed up every single day for himself and his family.

My dad is selfless. This is a man that would give you the shirt off his back because you said you were cold. This man goes above and beyond for his family and his loved ones. He would move heaven and earth to make my mother happy. He is a great man and is absolutely loved by anyone who knows him. He's done so much good in his life that I pray you can feel that in this letter.

If you have any further questions about my dad please feel free to reach out to me.

Best,

Desiree M. Floyd
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March 23, 2022

To Whom It May Concern:

My name is Jason Griffin & I'm a Director of Bus Maintenance at SEPTA. I am writing this letter on behalf of my brother-in-law and former colleague Rodney Martinez. I have known Rodney for over 33 years, and he has always been a close friend and confidant to me. He has always been someone that I could count on both personally and professionally and he is a high character person. The things that went on in his department were a part of the culture long before he became a senior director. I realize that doesn't justify what transpired however I don't think it should erase the type of person he's been for his whole life and for most of his 20 plus years at SEPTA. Rodney and his family have already endured a great deal of suffering personally, professionally, & financially because of the investigation & I am not minimizing the charges against him, but I don't think jail time is warranted or necessary. I hope you take my opinion into strong consideration & thank you for taking the time to read my letter.

Sincerely,

Jason Griffin

It's hard to write about a person in detail, at least, I think. Even more so when its your father you are writing about. So, bear with me as I try to explain how I view him.

He is a good man. I mean that in the most profound way. Most fathers I know try to instill fear in their kids – demanding respect. My uncle is a prime example of this. He comes off as indestructible to his kids even wife. He equates fear with respect. They have him on this unattainable pedestal. My father is not that man. He never demanded respect in my eyes. The way he raised me, how he spoke to me, what he taught me was that respect is earned. His actions and his morals are what made me want to respect him as a man and father. He always puts our family first, himself last. He showed me what a real man was, he was prideful not cocky. He showed me how to treat a woman through his actions towards my mother. (Sorry I am bouncing around – but I told you that it was hard to write about a person. Lol) One thing he always stressed to me was this, "All a man has is his character and his word." I love that. I always spoke about the great things I wanted to do and never did. He would always say, "stop talking about what you want to do and let your actions speak for yourself." He always supports my decisions even when they came back to bite me in the rear.

Growing up I loved our hanging out. Our hang outs mostly consisted of doing yard work and side projects together that took all day. Just us two; some music and the work. These days he wouldn't say much, but we didn't need to – you know. The silence was bliss for us. Every now and again he would explain why we put supports there on the deck or how to get a proper cut. What I loved the most was when he trusted me to do something without his help. He would have a half smile on his face while watching me knowing that he is teaching me to be independent, stuff like that is what I love about my dad. Nowadays, I am older, we still do projects but now we have hobbies that we enjoy doing together such as fishing, being outdoors and our Harley's. So now when we have time, we like to do these things together.

These recent events have really put a heavy mental toll on the entire family. I see the pain in my dad's face and my mother is truly getting sick with more anxiety attacks and days she doesn't even want to get out of bed. She tries to hide it and so does he – for us for the family. I am the only child left at home and I see what my sisters don't. I have seen them (my parents) crying (separately – because one tries to be strong for the other) – they think I don't see. I am not a kid anymore.

My dad is a good man and a problem solver for his family. It is so hard to put what I feel in writing. My father saved my life during my depression and I will forever be grateful. I don't have enough paper or words to write what he means to me. If I grow up to be half the man my father, is I would have a good life. Just speak to the man – hopefully you will see what I see. He isn't perfect, never said he was. He took responsibility for his actions. He never put himself on a pedestal, that wasn't him. I look up to my father because he is a man. He is someone I pray to be like. Like all of my writing I will end this too with a quote from a book I am currently reading.

"No one ever called him glib, or shameless, or pedantic. They saw him for what he was: A man tested by life, accomplished, unswayed by flattery, qualified to govern both himself and them." - *Marcus Aurelius, Meditations*.

PS -> Great book, a must read.